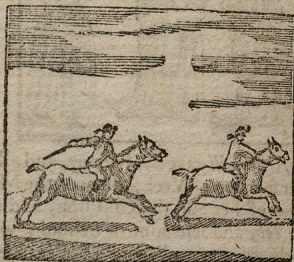


was a very honest, charitable and good Man, yet he was not altogether so wise or prudent, as one would expect a Man to be who lived in *London* and knew the World; for he was very fond of Horses, continually went to *Barnet*, *Epsom*, and other Races, and kept two Race-Horses himself, which ran away with half the Profits of his Trade.



These are pretty Creatures indeed, but they are not fit for a Tradesman. They were kept at great Expence, turned his Thoughts from Business, and led him into Schemes of Betting and Gaming, which were scandalous. At the Time that he was so taken
up

up with his Horses, he had the Misfortune to have a Servant in his House who was not honest; which *Toby* discovered, and wrote to his Master about it, but in a disguised Hand, and without putting any Name to the Letter. Enquiry was made, and Money and Goods were missing. Upon which all the Servants were examined except *Toby*; and as he was a Boy, and thought incapable of defending himself, the Thief laid the Robbery on him. Mr. *Goodwill*, without that Consideration which is necessary on these Occasions, ordered him immediately to pack up his Things, and go about his Business. Yes, Sir, says *Toby* crying, but first hear me. I know that you have been defrauded, Sir, and I thought it my Duty, as you was my Master, to inform you of it. I wrote you a Letter, Sir, in a feigned Hand and without a Name, when you was at *Newmarket*; but at the Corner of the Letter you will find a private Mark, by which you may know it to be mine; and I should not have done this, had I been guilty of the Robbery. No, Sir, you have been a Father to me, and I have been just